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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.
MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

BY MARY IRVING.
CHAPTER VI.
Conclusion.

"Please not to dream of the future before us—
How many a day we have had to live over us—
How! how! Croesus's deep, musical chime,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven."—*Mrs. Ogden*.

It was a day of many thoughts of home and glory, but like scattered showers, it passed away. The summer has passed. Every bird that had hoped Hope Cottage was alive and awake to its inspiring beauty. Its wings, with a light fanned from within as well as from without, had been noiselessly tripping about, giving those finishing, beautifying touches, that lie only in gentle fingers, to the orderly arrangements of her domestic corps. And now she was sauntering toward the invalid's chamber with a bowl of gruel—and such cruel! it was worth a fit of sickness, to taste Mrs. Hope's infinite concoction.

In the passage, however, she was stopped, so suddenly as almost to overtake her precious cargo.

"Oh, Mrs. Hope! pardon me!" cried Oriana, for she it was, bounding forward, on her way from the sick room, which she had just visited for the first time since her stepson's return to consciousness.

"I hope I have not ruined your dress; but I am too happy to see or hear anybody! I am almost too happy to live!"

Her tear-worn eyes would have made her wretched.

"So then, you have seen Hamilton at last," said Laura, stroking the disordered head of the excited girl.

"Oh! how I could not endure this suspense any longer; and after lying awake until sun-up, I rose, and went in alone, and told him all! and oh, my heart is so light!"

"There is no need, then, to ask how he received the news?" returned Mrs. Hope, smiling gladly.

"He never spoke, nor started—scarcely breathed, from the moment I began my story. I made it very short, for I was almost choking. But he kept those full, bright eyes of his fixed on me, and oh! they spoke more than I could tell him. In fact, of years. When I stopped speaking, he looked down, and then saw two great, heavy tears fall out under the shades of his brown lashes.

"Oriana! I've taken you off to heaven in both of his," she said, "you suffice; and I have helped him, you suffice; but believe me, I too have been a sufficer! I know it. Forgive me!" and all I could say.

"There is nothing to forgive you. I have been forward, and thoughtless; but, shaming my eyes to the light of noonday, and bewailing the darkness. But I have begun a new life. God helping, I will help to make glad the remaining years of life. We were so early and happily married. Once again! I'll be a good wife."

"But, dear!" interposed Laura, with the tears in her eyes, "here is the cruel cooling, and dear! As away she hurried."

Hamilton had come, free from the embracements of his arm-chair, as she entered. The morning's excitement had given a faint color to his very pale face; and this was heightened by the sunshines, which, through the meshes of a curtain, shone upon his forehead, and the folds of his rich dressing-gown. On the table beside him stood a vase of the choicest late roses, heliotrope, and jasmine—Oriana's daily balsom, from the fresh world without, to sit beside him.

"My good physician!" exclaimed the young man, as his hostess pleasantly arranged his simple breakfast, in a way to tempt the appetite of an anchorman—"My dear Mrs. Hope! What a good physician you have been worth to me, if I had not met you!"

"We will find out what may be worth, as it is," she answered encouragingly. "I have been thinking for you, Mr. Grey; that you might know the happiness of life."

"There is nothing so obstante upon the dark side of everything."

"Yes; and that will not be pardoned that God had given a bribe to me. It was always my fault, in my own eyes. Mrs. Hamilton, for it was the mantle my mother wore for my spirit deepened and darkened by my own pride and selfishness. I can't believe, yes, I know there is not a place where I can't be useful; but it has sorrows unknown to any but the finite, strung heart. But I now see, even over such the Sun of Brightness arises!" day after day, "when I sleep in my wings."

A gleam was in his eye, as he spoke, that told of the change wrought in that humbled yet exalted spirit.

"I am very glad!" said Laura, softly, as if she dared to break the charm his words had wrought.

"But, to real life people call it—that is, life in the detail"—said Hamilton, drawing his chair near to the fire, "but it is not life. It costs me little to think of saving out a fortune for myself; for I had long ago determined never to owe a single obligation to my patrimonial estates. I was willing to work—and to wait; but very cheerful, if never bold, was my course of action."

"I have been a failure, sir; but, I am sure, to me that a paramount duty is laid upon me. My father and Oriana are trying to fit their slaves for the rational use of their freedom. What a poor, wretched, ugly, elderly gentleman, and a woman so ugly, that she is all except endurance, as the poor girl who was so lately but a slave herself—cursed her that made her an outcast."

"But, without making a fortune?" he queried. "Ah! there was but one way to wait, and to prove one's destiny."

"I have the very expression, 'making a fortune!'" returned Laura. "What is fortune but God's gift, it is great or little; and why should it not be given to two as well as to one, when he has made them to love each other, and they are striving together instead of separate?"

"The very thing for you!" Mrs. Hope exclaimed, so merrily and cordially that her embarrassed questioner could not choose but smile.

"But, without making a fortune?" he queried.

"Would it not be wise to wait, and to prove one's destiny?"

"I have the very expression, 'making a fortune!'" returned Laura. "What is fortune but God's gift, it is great or little; and why should it not be given to two as well as to one, when he has made them to love each other, and they are striving together instead of separate?"

"Depend upon it, a young man who is

worth anything, doesn't lose by well marrying!

And you, above all; why, it would make a new man of you! Only be sure that you get the right of a wife!"

"Will your woman's instinct describe her for me?" asked the young man, without raising his eyes.

"Describe her—why, I couldn't tell it had sent me!" (Laura was not good at idealities.)

"I never 'made a match' in my life; they always make themselves where they are fore-established! But, let me see, you must certainly light upon her that knows how to teach a child."

Laura's countenance was a picture of awe from under his hand, to see how much meaning her countenance lent to her words. But she good, unconscious, had never less thought of what a woman he was.

"You are going to make a miserable breakfast!" said she, at last, as she arose to go.

"I have breakfasted on your crumbs of sound, my dear madam; and have sometime to show you how they have nourished me!" he said, gently.

Kitty sat at her piano, in the twilight of an Indian summer day. The misty, dim light of the "low western" sun floated in through one half-open blind, flooding the room with a radiance like glorified moonlight. Her hair had dropped, and she lay fast asleep, her head resting on a letter, which had fallen from her lap. It was in Laura's handwriting: a note of Hamilton Grey's continued consciousness; and of the sudden determination of his master to owing his services to Florida, to leave on the next morning's steamer for their Southern home.

"She is still here," murmured Kitty, in the loneliness and silence that it was strangely oppressive; and then she had to have it all over again: "I still—she—I still—"

"Look up, Kitty!" spoke a voice in tune with her heart's throbbing, low and deep. She started in every nerve, pain and trembling; but the next instant her eye dropped under that gaze, and a little, pale light surged over her heart and forehead.

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A NEW POET.

PRIMICES. By E. FOXON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855.

We know not the author of these "First Fruits," or whether the name on the title-page be merely assumed; but whoever he may be, he is a born poet. The volume is composed of two long poems, and several smaller ones, on miscellaneous topics, among them, "Light and Darkness," published two weeks since in the *Era*. Of the former, the one entitled "The Princess' Bath; or, the Three Moths," is at once powerful and painful. The fearful incident on which it is founded, is even more horrible, as related in prose. The author has shown great taste in humanizing the atrocious crimes just enough to make her endurable, and invest the terrible scenes of her crime with such accommodations, while mitigating in no degree the agony of our human sympathy from being utterly revolted. We trust, however, that in future efforts, he will have some mercy, in the selection of his themes, on his own sensibilities as well as those of his readers.

But, what shall we say of the leading poem, "Hilda, a Love Song"? "A Love Song" is no fitting title. It does not define it, or even suggest the reality. The poem has nothing in common with what are called "Love Songs." It is a sublime apostrophe of the virtue of Self-Sacrifice. True, its theme is Love, but Love undeceived by Self, Love which, for the sake of blessing the beloved, can endure, with meek heroism, the pangs of crucifixion.

Hilda, calm, noble, profound, has hid her heart, from the earliest dawn of womanly feeling, a love which becomes a part of her life. Her Knight, returned from many a field of triumph, to claim her hand, finds in the brilliant Rosalie, her cousin, standing at her side, the original of the picture sent him by lying "limerick," and his eye told too well the evanescent disappointment, on perceiving his mistake.

"It is a love song," the knight thought, "Alas with his presence seemed death. His eye and her heart beat his raptures; Those raptures were killed."

"She said her glad eyes: On his face, where He knew just beside her, they fell: Was a face as of our love to love And to die herself."

Hilda learned the whole truth, buried it deep in her heart with her love and her anguish, alaice incommunicable, forever to be hidden from mortal eyes; and then—let the Poet tell the sacrifice.

Let us morally premise, that Rosalie is true, and Begnar, the knight, loyal—the former, not dreaming that she has supplanted Hilda; the latter, determined, cost what it might, to keep his faith. But Hilda alone knows all, is capable of blushing.

"She bath sat on her knees to her sire, And prayed, with a low, heart-wrung moan, 'Wouldst thou banish me at last on thy death-bed? I trusted thee.'

"I send to my child home, in the cold world To other uncharmed, and pine; No other love hath it to give her So under as thine."

"He chid, and then raved, and then soothed. Walk a stammering shayrel of her fave, Confounded, with wandering glances, He sought the knight's grace.

"And went, and went, and wayward, And will not be parted from me; I would give a large dinner in her stead with My nice Rose!"

"She lass clapped round you arsing throat swainlike Her own sweet necktie of pearls; And then, with a soft smile, her sirs o'er The lass's sunny earthy."

"With the white satin robe, that her maidis long With silver embroidery, had she laid, And spanned with her own jewelled girdle, Fair Rosalie's waist."

"Her purse of broad pieces is empit, The top of which right quenched down. She hath richly, with fresh myrtle and roses The nuptial bower."

"She hath pray'd in the church, grave and seely, While this office was sped by the priest, The priest hath adjudged at the tounry, And regaled over the feast."

"She hath spake with the knight, with Regnar, And smil'd with a courteous cheer, On senat words, that for Rosine sighing, He forced her best."

"But when frost, gracious Slave pressed him, 'Now,' is she not fair to behold, And sweet-hearest! he said, 'Nay, I know not; It is not she!'

"All these stanzas are remarkable not only for exquisite pathos and spiritual beauty, but for their rich scene-painting.

Years "crawl" by—"she is alone in her desolation.

"The snow of her cheek might have wasted, But still her cheek was seen wet by tear, Till the soft footstep in a shadow sleep Told us she was her."

"Her soul's stanzas once opened, Refused at her bidding to close, In the vale of the flood, was rush'd after A flood of peats woe."

No leechcraft could divine or cure her ailment. She must seek at the shrine of St. Agnes, a pilgrim, resteth there,

"She groans, and turns to the stars to the altar, For good, for health, for strength, for health."

"To God we turn our soul! Thy creatures, These arms around me and leave me alone; To whom I might breathe in my anguish, How am I undone!"

"With this thought, divine, self-sufficient, Woe and Wrakness asthomed far above, This poor heart yearns for love, And aches for the love of love."

She continues her prayer and plaint, until "She sighs; for the sunlight around her As steals on her travel-worn brain, A long night of pain."

"She woke; and a brightness was round her, And dawning and dawning white."

Then follows a description of the vision, full of gorgious imagery. At last—

"—I am a son for her, she knew A form that which shines on the sight of The lone waters, who...

"Hail! read till, his taper spring, He sleeps, his head resting Upon these roots so secure—

The Gospel of John."

We have not room here for the glowing picture of our author, which follows.

"—A son! and for her, that old soul The quick-draw through health's key bend; Come unto me, who have thy balm; And weary, and rest."

"Fear not. I am gentle and lovely. My heart hath been pierced, and bled. I had not with the birds and the foxes A son."

"—And the Son of Man, was in his gory, While the hand that bears him, and thunders, Turn his deck, in their hunger, and thunders, And sickness, away."

"In the mystical union that binds him With them, while his blear round him shone, I doth in their sickness and losses And bende to plote."

"—Dost thou not feel that tribulation? But have the people suffered? I prepare in my father's sad mansion Already dead."

"—Do the will of my Father; and henceforth Deserve no more than shall befit."

A sister beloved and cherished, A mother, to me!"

Ministering seraphs then whisper gentle words of consolation and counsel—words and thoughts, by the way, which will live our language lives. The whole of this part of the Poem, including the prayer of Hilda, the vision, the melodious paraphrase of our Lord's words, and the whisperings of angels, is full of beauty, and seems "set to emprise music."

Further notice of this remarkable production we forbear, our purpose being merely to introduce to our readers a Poem, rarely equalled for power of expression, nobleness of sentiment, depth of pathos, and beauty of imagery.

The Beliefe.

THE SUMMER LAND. A SOUTHERN STORY. By a Child of Nature. New York: Appleton & Co. For sale by R. Parsons, Washington, D. C.

It needed not the press to assure us that "the author" of this book "is a Southern," the wholeness of sketch and color, and vivacity in the atmosphere of "the sunny land." Many a story of "Southern life" has been put forth, bearing nothing of its peculiarities, except the name of some town or city in which the scene was professedly laid. But here, you ramble through the very cotton fields and sugar swamps of the upper and lower slave States; you breathe the fragrance of magnolia groves, and bask in the glory of gorgeous moonlight near the tropic. The fragmentary and superficial, though often spirited and poetical touch of the work, also characterizes the Southern nature. It is a fair exponent of the class which it aims to depict.

As a matter of course, the sunshiny shade is given here. The heavy shadow that drapes that fair scene finds no counterpart on the page of the gay tourist. The book will probably, therefore, win extensive popularity at the South.

WOMAN IN THE NINETEEN CENTURY; and Kindred Papers. By Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Boston: J. P. Jewett, & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

This most comprehensive work of a great female thinker has long been before the public. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, though far from being a universal favorite, left her mark upon the mind of her day. Her views in regard to the wrongs and rights of Woman are clearly and seriously expressed. Even those who disapprove from these cannot fail to have their respect for the writer heightened by reading the volume. The "true sphere of Woman" seems indeed a "Utopia" difficult to define or to discover, if one may judge by the thousand contradictory opinions put forth in regard to it. We are fully persuaded, however, that all earnest, reasonable, self-denying souls, among the daughters of Eve, whatever may be their theological revnings and flutterings, will fail to find, "practically," in this book, a place to stand on, a sphere to move in.

Another inquiry of English Seminaries is full of interest and beauty; and an exposition of the autonomy of the Clergy, and the manifold uses of the church, to which we are led by the author of this article.

ANOTHER SLAVE BURNING.

The Sunster Co. (Ala.) *Whig*, of May 30th, gives the particulars of another of those savage exhibitions which are beginning to characterize the "peculiar institution." "Davy," a slave of James D. Thornton, accused of the murder of the daughter of his mistress, was condemned, and confined to his cell, but when the day for his trial came on, a change of venue was granted him.

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